

# Arion Rescue

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# Ribbon Rescue





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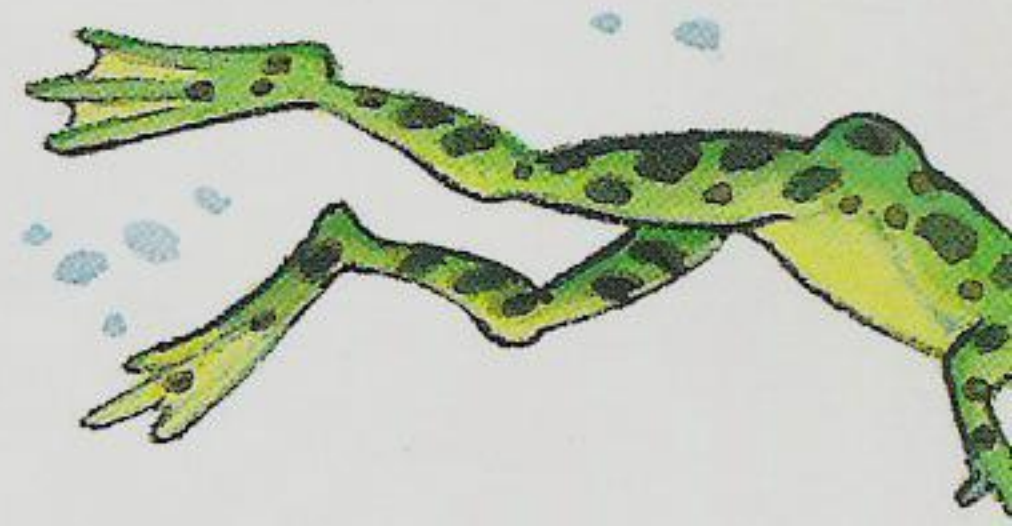






*For Jillian DeLaronde  
Kahnawake, Quebec.  
—R.M.*

*For Robyn,  
Julia,  
Alexandra  
and Katherine.  
—E.F.*







**A**s soon as her grandmother finished making the ribbon dress, Jillian put it on and ran out into the front yard.

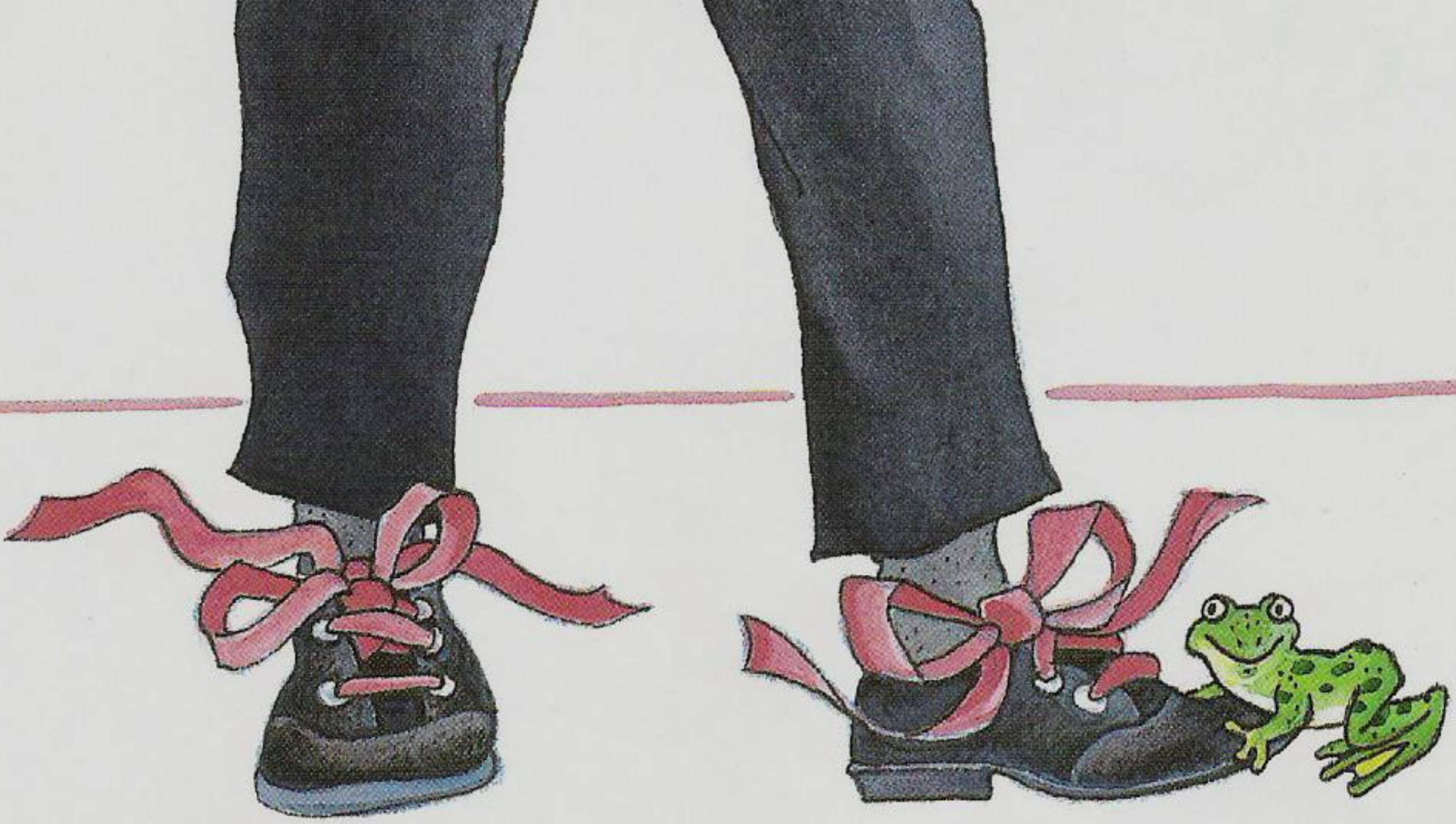












A man came running down the road.  
He was dressed in fancy clothes and  
he was yelling:

“I’m late, I’m lost!

I’m late, I’m lost!

I’m going to miss my own wedding.”

“Wait,” said Jillian. “Let me fix your shoes.”  
She tore two ribbons off her dress, laced  
the man’s shoes with them, and tied them  
into big bows.





The man said, "Thanks. I may be late, but I'll look fine."

"Well," said Jillian, "why don't you take my brother Lewis's skateboard. He is grown up and doesn't use it anymore. Just keep your eye on the church steeple and you will get there."

"Thank you," said the man. "I'll bring it back as soon as the wedding is over."









Then a lady in a fancy white dress came running by.  
She was yelling:

“I’m late, I’m lost!

I’m late, I’m lost!

I’m going to miss my own wedding.”

“Well,” said Jillian, “at least I can fix your hair.”

Jillian reached up and tore eight ribbons off her dress: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Then the lady bent down and Jillian fixed her hair into four enormous ponytails.









“And now,” said Jillian, “take my mother’s bicycle. She is grown up and doesn’t use it very much. Just keep heading for the church steeple and you will be there in no time.”

“Oh, thank you,” said the lady. “I might be late, but at least I will look okay.” She gave Jillian a hug and rode away on the bicycle.













Then a family came running down the road yelling,

"We're late. We're lost!

We're late. We're lost!

We're going to miss the wedding.

We haven't even had time to wrap the present."

"Well," said Jillian, "I can wrap your present."

And she wrapped the present with five ribbons  
from her dress.







The family said, "Oh, thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. We may be late, but we will have a lovely present."

"And now," said Jillian, "take Lindsay's wagon and Hayley's scooter. They are sort of grown up and don't use them very much. Just keep heading for the church steeple and you will not get lost."

They all gave Jillian a hug and raced off.









Then a man came down the road yelling,

"I'm late. I'm lost!

I'm late. I'm lost!

I'm going to miss the wedding."

Suddenly he stopped and said, "Oh, NO! It's lost!"

"What's lost?" said Jillian.

"The ring! The wedding ring!" said the man.

"I've lost the ring."

"I'll help you find it," said Jillian.

She crawled around and got quite dirty, but after a while she found the ring in a mud puddle.









“Look,” said Jillian, “you might lose it again. Let me help you.”

She tied the ring to the man’s finger with a ribbon.

“And now,” said Jillian, “take Jeremy’s skates. He is grown up and doesn’t use them very much. Just keep heading for the church steeple.”

“Thank you,” said the man. “I may be late, but at least I’ll have the ring.”













Then Jillian's mother came running out of the house, yelling, "Jillian, we're late for a wedding and you're a mess. What will your grandmother say?"

She grabbed Jillian's hand and they ran down the road.





But when they got to the church the man at the door said to Jillian, "What a mess! You can't come in here dressed like that!"

"But, but . . . , " said her mother.

"That's okay," said Jillian. "I will sit on the stairs and wait for you."













Then the bride and groom walked around the side of the church and saw Jillian sitting on the stairs.

“Oh,” said the groom. “Don’t my shoes look great?”

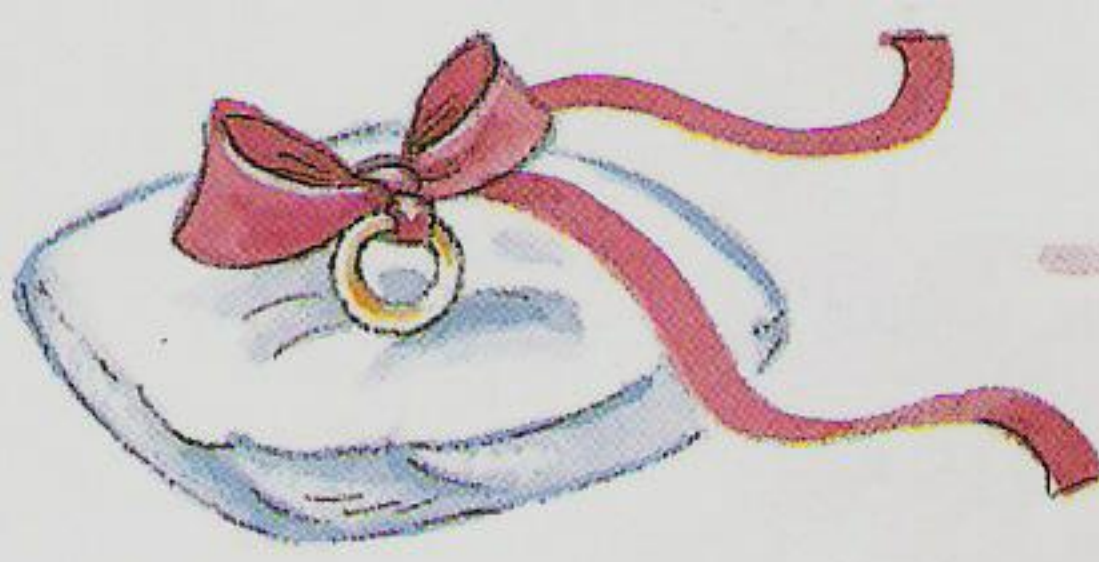
“Oh,” said the bride. “Isn’t my hair wonderful?”

“Yes,” said Jillian. “Your shoes are great and your hair is wonderful and I hope you have a wonderful wedding.”

“Aren’t you coming in?” said the groom.

“No,” said Jillian, “I tore off all my ribbons to fix hair, lace shoes, wrap a present, and tie a ring. Now my dress is a mess and I can’t come in.”





“Hhhhuuummm,” said the groom. “I think we need a flower girl.”

“Hhhhuuummm,” said the bride. “Yes, we definitely need a flower girl.”

So they picked a bunch of wildflowers from the grass and Jillian walked into the church in front of everybody else.

And even though her dress was all dirty and full of holes, everyone said she was the prettiest kid there.









*Jillian is a Mohawk from the Kahnawake reserve near Montreal, Quebec. Her ribbon dress is a traditional Mohawk costume.*





Everyone is late for a wedding, and *nothing* is going right. But Jillian and her incredible, wonderful ribbon dress can fix almost anything.

Now her dress is a mess — who is going to fix Jillian?

Robert Munsch is a writer and storyteller whose books include *The Paper Bag Princess*, *Andrew's Loose Tooth*, *Get Out of Bed* and *Love You Forever*. This story was first told to Jillian, a Mohawk girl who came to a storytelling wearing her brand-new traditional ribbon dress.



Eugenie Fernandes has written and illustrated dozens of picture books. Her husband and two children also illustrate books! She paints in her studio overlooking a lake near Peterborough, Ontario. This is her first collaboration with Robert Munsch.



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